A Desperate Thought.

"What if there is no God!" The dreadful thought
Took hideous shape within my mortal brain.
Then instantly my share of mortal pain
Pressed heavier on my heart. Like some great

blot, Hurled out on space, some blighting usels -Reeking with tears and bloodshed, greed and gain, This sorrow-laden world seemed made in

And but a ghastly jest, man's anguished lot. The universe contracted on my sight,
Down to the limits of a prison pen
Its one dark door, an opening in the sod,
Iflung my arms up heavenward in affright,
For sudden madness memced me—and the
I cried aloud, "There is, there is a God!"

MISTAKEN.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Thoughtless Words and the Results They Wrought in Two Young Lives.

A cool breeze blew up from the river. It played among the reeds and tall grasses on the bank and ran lightly up the slope toward the white mansion on the hillside, fluttering the vines that fringed the wide piazza where a group of young girls sat chatting, resting, or busying themselves with dainty needle-

"What a delicious breeze!" exclaimed Florence Freeman, rising as she spoke. The slender, thoughtful-looking young man recining unseen in the depths of a large easy chair just within one of the long windows glanced up from the pages of a book in which he had been absorbed, and his dark eyes followed

her graceful figure admiringly.

"It sets me wild to be doing something," she continued, pacing up and down the long porch. "Do you know. girls," pausing abruptly, "we're a set of slaves?"

"O, Florry?" exclaimed a laughing se ce, "now don't give us a lecture on woman's rights!"

Now we shall see some prancing.

"Laugh away," returned Florence.
"I'm in earnest. Why must we, besause we happen to have drifted into a sertain channel, or because a particular course is marked out for us by friends, drift on down the stream or keep on in though we must smother the best there is in our natures in doing so?"

Intense feeling emphasized her words, and her unseen listener found himself wondering what personal experience had prompted them. Amy Gray lifted

"Duty is often unpleasant," she said, "but it is best, after all, to have a settled plan and purpose and cling to them through everything. Think what a chaos would result if we all followed our own inclinations, and, worse than that, whatever might for the moment be our ruling passion.'

wide sweep of the river, where a white sail glimmered in the afternoon sun- her cousin Florence Freeman was the them; its smiling lips were no more sishine.

.O, yes; there must be plans, of course, and they must be carried out, or take special cases. There is cousin Dora, her painting to marry Fred Long, merehe can't appreciate her talents. Why, he has begun to interfere with her plans already. Says she works too steadily, and wants her to give up some work she had undertaken in order to be married sooner. She only laughed over it. | was destroyed. Of course she wouldn't say anything, but we can all see she doesn't love him. How can she, when he has no sympathy with her on that subject? Now, why can't she say so, and be free?"

"She feels her responsibility," said time for your painting.

Amy's soft voice. "She knows how devoted Mr. Long is to her."

"Sh-h! here she comes," whispered Edith Stanley as a bright-faced girl fluttered up from the garden, like a dainty white butterfly, and perched herself on the steps. A dead silence fell on the group for a moment, and then Dora turned her laughing face toward her cousin: "Go on, Florry. You were giving a lecture, weren't you? I could hear you 'orating,' but couldn't eatch a word of the discourse."

'It's ended now," said Florence coolly, mentally resolving never to be so careless again in mentioning repecial id unless some op-nas taken notes you can never hope to know anything about it. for it was quite improrept. And, taking her cousin's arm, she marched her up and down the piazza humming a gay air.

Meanwhile, within the windows the young man sat motionless, his finger still between the pages that only a few moments ago held him spellbound, although his world had fallen in ruin around him since Florence began her "lecture." Outside the breeze rang among the tree-tops and ruffled the shining bosom of the river. The August sunshine lay mellow on the grass, but he heard nothing, saw nothing.

The tea bell rang suddenly and started him out of his meditations. The girls disappeared with much chatter and gay laughter, and he rose mechanically and walked like one in a dream down through the garden and on into a little grove beyond, his one thought to be alone where no human eye could add to his torment with its questioning glance. There, under the trees, where he and Dora played in childhood, he walked to and fro, one sentence ringing in his ears like a sentence of doon: "We can all see she doesn't love him." It was hard to come down from the pinnacle where he had imagined himself crowned king of one heart.

When Dora, only 15 then, had given him her hand so confidingly as they walked together in this very groveonly it was morning then, and springtime, and the air was filled with the scent of wild crab-apple blooms, and she wore them at her throat; how plainly he could see her now, all in white, and the pink of her cheek so like the dainty blossoms-he had taken the gift unquestioningly, and no doubts had ever assailed him. He knew her devotion to art and was proud of her success, but he had never dreamed that it would be his rival in her affections.

"O. my little Dora!"

Something must be done, and that at once. Should be go to Dora and ask if nese things were true? That would be like saying "Have you been deceiving me all these years?" He could not do it. He must wait, with what patience he could, until he could decide for himself. He was very thankful that Dora had not quite decided to be married in the fall, as that would be one test he could put her to. It is something to have an idea that can be acted upon at once, and he retraced his steps toward the house with this one purpose in view. How shall he find a minute in which to speak alone with Dora? He feels that he cannot bear the suspense until another day shall come, and then mutters to himself, "Fool! what if it must last a lifetime? What if I am never to know?"

As he reached the piazza a girlish voice cried out engerly: "O, Mr. Long! where have you been hiding yourself?" and in an instant he was surrounded by a laughing group, who scolded and questioned with such vivacity that their victim found it unnecessary to say a word: it was, in fact, quite impossible.

Then Dora rose from the piano.
"Here, Dora" called Edith Stanly, "here is the deserter. What shall be done to him?" And they led him be-

fore his bright-eved judge.

Dora had never before seemed to him just as she did at that moment-so far away, as if a great gulf were fixed between He could searcely believe in her bright looks, everything seemed so unreal, his life was so shaken to its foundations. It was only by a great effort that he aroused himself to make some commonplace excuse.

Dora's first careless glance at his pal-Ed face changed to one of alarm. The light from an open window fell upon it "Never fear: that isn't what I was minking of. We are hindered by circumstances from being and doing what you will be sick again. Come and have some feel is within us to be and do."

"Listen girls." interrupted another dining room. How he longed to say dining room. How he longed to say. "Come Dora, I have something to tell you," and then, having her all to himself, pour out these miserable doubts and fears in her ear and so be free from them. But no; here was this crowd of chattering girls-besides, she must not course is marked out for us by friends, know he had such doubts. Even if she drift on down the stream or keep on in the same course to the bitter end, even was not saying it because she believed it to be her duty. And so he finished the evening as best he could, and all night long his heart tormented him with ceaseless questionings.

Several days passed before he found an opportunity to speak alone with Dora. The house was filled with a number of young guests, and Dora must be every-

Fred Long was just now taking a strokes of her brush well-earned vacation. After years of ended the struggle. hard work and months of illness he had come back to the home of his childhood to regain lost health and strength. He gathered there, but Dora gave them no had called this the happiest summer he welcome. Pale and silent she lay and Florence did not answer for a mohad known, but now an untimely frost
stirred not a finger nor an eyelash for
ment; her eyes were roving across the
had spoiled its beauty. Among the
any of their tears. He stood there with only one he had previously known. Naturally they drifted together during these miserable days. With Dora he was sweet face, but they never guessed its nothing would be accomplished. But suddenly ill at ease and restless; her quick eyes noted the change, and she for instance. Why must she give up looked about for a cause. Those same her painting to marry Fred Long, merequick eyes soon noticed the walks and talks with cousin Florence. "No woned? Of course I don't say anything sharp little pang at her heart, mentally against Fred. He is good as good, but contrasting tall, handsome Florence with her own little self.

Presently the flock of merry school girls took flight. "Only Florence, and you, and I," said Dora; "just as it used to be." But for both the old charm

One day they walked together along the river bank, and Dora said, "Our playtime is done."

A light came into her eyes.

ing this sacrifice for you. I do not wish His talks are a mixture of witty stories

you to marry me until you have finished and eloquence which is taking with the this work you have set your heart upon. It will occupy your whole winter?" "Yes; perhaps more. Give me a

prove whether, after all these years of and the Demograts were expecting to devotion, Fred could be won from her carry the county through Republican inand steady. No trembing in the quiet | didn't want Sheridan to make a speech tones to betray the heart's unutterable for fear he would rouse up all the Repubanguish as it whispered to itself, "How licans, but how to keep him away was

glad she is to be free even for a year." "He does not care." matters, these two foolish ones, and the who pressed him with invitations to go

away and were gone forever. changed at regular intervals—Fred's They began to ply him with invitations fore the first was found, lying under-kind and loving. "Of course." said to drink, and it soon popped into his neath the boilers in about the temper-Dora, "it is his duty," while Dora's head that they had a scheme to make

woods in green again poor Fred had as anyone. It was 2 o'clock when they weil-nigh made up his mind that Flor-ence was right. Dora's heart was all in walked out with a slightly unsteady her painting; she had grown quite step, but with a perfect control of his

soon be free. Early in the summer Fred found him-

self again in the old familiar haunts. but, aias, the old jayous light was want-A shade, a mist. ing everywhere. seemed hanging over everything, and Dora was farther away than ever. There were no merry guests to divide her attention; but, so absorbed, so si-lent, did she seem, he could hardly believe it was the same Dora he had known in other days.

A week passed by-a week of mingled paradise and torment. Sometimes he would be on the point of saying to her: "Dora, I will stand in your way no minute ago. but a faint hope still lingered, and he could not crush it so ruthlessly. At other times he could almost believe me see it. Perhaps that name is on it himself mistaken—all these months a fearful dream—when her eyes met his yet."—Texas Siftings.

"Have I been so blind?" he questioned. so earnestly and seemed filled for a moment with the old, warm light.

They sat together one day upon a little rustic seat, chatting and resting after a walk. Fred had taken some letters from his pocket which he wished to show to Dora. A picture fell from among them. Dora stroped to recover it. "Coasin Florry," she murmured, and Fred began making some commonplace remark upon its correctness. Then, glancing at his companion's face, he was startled at its deadly pallor. "Dora!" he cried, "you are ill. We walked too far. You must rest."
"No. I'm not ill," she said almost

sharply. "How lovely Florence is." "Yes, indeed. She is well-nigh perfeet. But there is only one Dora in all the world," taking her little, cold hand in his. "Without Dora the world is meaningless to me."

Dora's eyes were scanning the distant hills. She made no reply. She was steeling her heart against him "He wants to be true," she thought, "but I will have no such love."

"Dora, you are not happy."
She started. "Not perfectly so. What mortal is?"

"It seems to me I would be if only things could be as they once were be-This was the first allusion he had made to the fact that he had noticed

any change in their relations. Dora realized that a crisis was coming. She simply awaited it in silence.. She would neither strive to avert nor to

"I have sometimes feared that you and I have been mistaken. That is the word, I think. If so, I love you too well to ask you to keep a promise which has become hateful to you.'

Dora rose from her seat; a sudden fire flamed in her pale cheek. She held her hand out toward him-the dear little hand that wore his ring. Some-thing in her air bewildered him. He stood a moment motionless, then seized the hand in both his own. She shook him off impatiently and drew the ring from her finger. Now he understood.

"Without 3 word, Dora?" he said, struggling for self-command as a man might battle for life against the waves "What is there to say?" asked Dora,

her voice clear as a silver bell, while her eyes shone like two stars. And again he told himself that lie: "She is And so they parted. The tie formed almost in childhood was broken, and

they went their separate ways. Day after day Dora's pale, resolute face bent over her canvas, and she steadied her trembling hand for greater achievements. She worked too hard, they said. She was too ambitious; she put too much of her life-blood into the

strokes of her brush, and a few months He came again to the dear old house beside the river; a crowd of friends had lent now than they had been in life. A

"If she might only have lived!" sobbed Florence.

meaning.

Fred spoke not, but the bitter cry of child, and didn't know what she want-der she admires him." she said, with a she loved me!" And they never dreamed, these two-

her nearest and dearest-that they had slain her.

George Sheridan's Joke. Gen. George H. Sheridan, "of Louisiana," lives now at the Union Square hotel and is coming to be known as a Union Square notability. He has had a checkered political career, but he has "Yes," he answered, "I must go back to my law books and you must have dently, for he has grown stouter and stouter with each succeeding year, until his short figure now carries upward of am to go on painting?" 250 pounds of flesh. As a stump speaker "Yes," he said slowly. "I am mak- he has been and still is in great demand. 250 pounds of flesh. As a stump speaker people. A politician of Ohio related to me yesterday an incident of one of Sheridan's engagements which had a year," she said eagerly, quite uncon- ludierous ending. Sheridan was posted seious of the pain her words inflicted, for a speech in a manufacturing town and only anxious for time wherein to in northern Ohio. It was an off year, "Very well," came the answer, calm difference and the labor vote. They a problem. They hit upon a plan at As for Dora, her heart was saying, last, and when Sheridan arrived he was surprised to meet a cordial reception And then they talked of indifferent from several Democratic acquaintances precious hours in which they might out and "smile." He finally went out ave understood each other slipped with them and was conducted to a Once more apart, their letters were ex- other choice spirits, but all Democrats. Each one a little cooler, a failure because of his non-attendance. "This suspense is killing me," he crowd was under the table. He went to cans .- N. Y. Tribune. On His Tongue's End.

> Col. Fizzletop has a wretched memory. He is very much puzzled to remember the simplest thing that is told him. "What is the name of that patent medicine Col. Witherspoon told me to get for my liver?" he asked his wife. "I can't remember the name to save my life.

"I can't either. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see. I had it on the end of my tongue a

Little Johnny spoke up and said: "Stick out your tongue, pa, and let A PECULIAR CUSTOM.

A Ludierous Practice in Which Many Ocean Travelers are Compelled to Take Part.

A Cambridge undergraduate, now on his way to the cape in a trading vessel, sends the following interesting commu nication to the Pall Mail Gazette: One of the oldest customs of the sea lately came under my notice, and in such a way as I am not likely to forget. As usual after our 6 o'clock tea, we were seated in the saloon enjoying our game of cribbage, when a blast from the foghorn, fit to awaken the dead, put an end to our cards. Hurriedly we made for the deck, where a sight never to be forgotten met our eyes. The evening was dark and cloudy, the moon entirely hidden, but the deck was brilliantly illuminated with blue lights. From the forecastle was issuing a procession that baffles description. First walked Father Neptune himself, leading on his arm his young and beautiful wife, Amphitrite. Neptune was dressed in long, white flowing robes—that is, a nightshirt; around his head waved his gray locks, blowing before the wind in every direction; his beard reached below his waist; on his head he wore a miter of such tremendous size as to drive any bishop wild with envy; in his hand he bore his

His wife's dress was evidently on the plan of "beauty unadorned," for some red paint, a small red flag, and a pair of red bathing-drawers constituted her costume. Her flaxen hair in curly masses reached ker knees. Following this august couple walked the hero of the evening-the barber. Dressed all in white, wearing a hat the shape of a dice-box, half white, half black, with curly white hair and whiskers, he was sublime; but the sublime changed into the awful when one perceived that he carried in his hands instruments of torture rivaling in their latent cruelty even those of the Inquisition. Imagine standing and gazing upon a bucket of flour and water mixed to about the thickness of liquid glue, of which you know you will receive a large share—on your head. Recover, if you can, from that sight, and look again. In his other hand he holds a razor of such magnitude that it would not be ill amiss for felling trees, and think that soon that edge of rough, rusty iron will be plowing its meander-

ing course over your innocent jaws.

Following this torturer came two policemen armed with cudgels and dark lanterns. Behind them crowded the crew. In spite of the awful solemnity of the scene, one could not but admire the dark, cloudy sky, the sea a blaze of phosphorescence, the flickering summer lightning, the grouping of the actors. Halting before the after deck, Neptune, in a loud voice, with such calm disregard as to where he put his H's as would make any classical author turn in his grave, gave utterance, "Earing that some of the crew of this ship is such as they 'ave not yet crossed the loine, and bin baptoized, my sons, I ham 'ere to see them done so." Evidently Neptune's intercourse with British sailors has been to the disadvantage of his elo-

The sailors, at the finish of Neptune's speech, cheered loudly, while from their midst stepped the two brawny policemen, one of whom was a nigger from Demerara, and seized upon T. while the torturer was not idle. He had seated himself upon a low stool, with his bucket before him, in his left hand a brush like a housemaid's broom, while with his right he was sharpening his razor on the companion-ladder railings. Alas for poor T. He stood smiling before his executioner, who, evidently thinking the occasion far too solemn to smile at, put an end to his innocent merriment by inserting as much as he possibly could of his mixture into his While he was engaged in choking and spitting out what he could the concoction, his head was being

covered to such an extent as to render his features quite indistinguishable. Then that awful razor came into use, its broad, rusty edge scraping away the dough like a plow in a clay soil. But how difficult it is to take the dough out

of one's eyes and mouth with a razorblade three feet long, one can not imagine till one has tried! His satanic majesty, I mean the barber, having scraped off as much as pleased bis

over him. through the same terrible routine; but fear by receiving a double dose. Soon concealed in a sail in the rigging; he, what woman would not? The songs and dancing finished, grog handed all round, and with three cheers for us from the crew, we retired to our cabins to put on dry clothes, and to tear out handfuls of hair in endeavoring to rid our heads of dough. And so we crossed the line.

A Boston chemist has discovered a way of extracting an essential oil from onions, with which tears can be produced at pleasure. One drop of this oil on a handkerchief will produce a copious flood. The oil bids fair to have a large

Mile. de Lesseps is her father's confidential secretary.

Julian Hawthorne's Ideas.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, was recently interviewed by a Chicago Daily News reporter. The conversation turned upon the estimation placed by Europeans on American works of fiction, and the question was asked:

"Do you think the American novel is growing in popularity abroad, and what are its distinctive features thought to be

by foreigners?" "The American novel is certainly growing in popularity abroad, especially in England, as will be seen by the frequent English reprints of our better novels. The reason for this is that there are at present so tew tolerable novelists in England. The English novel has been written to death, and, as even novel-readers must have occasional novelty, they turn to our books with relief. The distinctive features of our work probably appear to them to be new sitnations, social conditions, and types of character and a certain minute accuracy of treatment from the literary point of view. Average English novel-writing is very slip-shod and careless.'

"What is your opinion of the school of 'mental vivisection'?"

"I am not myself in sympathy with that school. 'Mental vivisection' is easy writing, but hard writing. I think it is due to a lack of mental energy and of imagination in those who practice it. It amounts to importing your notebooks into your story, instead of showing only the results and embodiment of a previous analysis, and is done by Shakspeare and the best writers."

"Do you consider this departure of literature a part of the progress of the time or a morbid outcome of days too

prosperous for romance?" "I think it has nothing to do with the progress of the time. It only indicates that our novelists make less use of their imagination than any other class of our community. Perhaps the recognition they receive is too faint to stimulate them. The difficulty is certainly not on the side of any deficiency of stirring times. Timidity and lack of self-confidence have more to do with it. Our writers consider their audience too much; no audience that they can reach is worth considerings as a literary tri-Inspiration is deprecated, as if unal. it must be either wherestworthy or illbred. A masculine poet or novelist is much needed, and it might be well, at this stage of our literary history, to make it a penal offense for any woman to

write a story." "Do modern novelists make their men and women do nothing but sit still and talk because there is nothing else for them to do?

"I shall rather say because it is easier to write clever dialogue than to portray characteristic action.

"What are your methods of working? Do you depend principally upon your observations or on your imagination?" "Observation is always of assistance in imaginative work if it can be sufficiently emancipated from individual instances. On the other hand, nothing spoils a fictitious character so surely as to make it conform too closely to any real model. The requirements of the story must be allowed to mold and adapt it or the story will be ruined."

"Do you have regular hours for work or do you wait for an inspiration?" "I never wait for an inspiration, and am not aware of having every been visited by any. I generally take a walk in the morning and write in the afternoon and evening. But I keep no strict rule

in such matters." "Do you know what the 'terrible secret' of 'The Marble Faun' was, or what the 'mystery that surrounded Miriam?" "If I knew I would tell with pleasure. My father never explained it, because it did not come within the design of the story that the 'secret' should be anything but a typical secret-a human being polluted by involuntary association with the sin of others. The Cenei tragedy is an instance of such an occurrence, and is therefore made prominent in the story, but whether or not Miriam was the victim of a similar castrophe was her private business, and of no import

A Light-Giving Mexican Insect.

to the moral of the tale."

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris a plate half filled with water, in which were half a dozen fancy, the two policemen came to the insects about an inch in length, which fore again, armed with buckets of cold shone like diamonds, although the room water, which, utterly regardless of what was "filled with sunshine, was passed part of the victim's body received the around among the members. These in-water, they threw in quick succession sects had been brought from Mexico, where they are to be found in the for-I was the next victim, and went ests. The scientific name is the pyrophore; and, as none had ever been seen at last it was all over, and I issued from before in Europe, they created quite a the cold-water cure quite ready to see sensation. The light resembles that of the fun in treating the others to their a glow-worm or fire-fly, although as dose. It was a novel experience, and much more brilliant and intense as an one not likely to be forgotten. Then electric-light surpasses a wax taper in followed the others who had not crossed its power of illumination. When the the line, some half-dozen of them, but light begins to fade it can be made as saloon where he found a number of two were missing. The police were brilliant as before by shaking the inother choice spirits, but all Democrats. soon after them, but it was an hour besect or dipping it in water. It is said the Indians of Mexico use them for a neath the boilers in about the temper- light at night, and a few will suffice to ature of the place I had wished the bar- illuminate an entire room. When they were a curious study had her lover but him drunk and let the meeting be a ber in when I was being shaved. All are walking at night they put one on this he endured rather than face his each foot so that they can be sure of little briefer than the last, until by the time spring had dressed the fields and woods in green again poor Fred had as anyone. It was 2 o'clock when they The Mexican ladies buy them of the Inafter this the other, a boy, was found dians and inclose them in a transparent bag, which they wear in their hair or at motions, while every other man of the too, got what he deserved for trying to the neck. The effect is very beautiful, escape justice. After all were baptized, especially when several are worn; and, would say: "but I'll wait—it is better— the hall where he was to speak and delivered one of the finest efforts of his ber being especially good at the latter, a dozen, they are within the reach of And Dora, working herself to a shadow over her painting, would think:
The end cannot be far off. He will The county rang with his speech for a week, and was carried for the Republicans.—N. Y. Tribune.

denly discovering herself among a lot will enable it to be read with ease in of sailors, became "skittish"—naturally, the darkest night.—Scientific American. Among the young men of title and

fortune who may be said to be coming on for the next London season is Sin Henry Alfred Doughty Tichborne, who will in May next be of age. The youth-ful Baronet is now in his 20th year, having been born in May, 1866. The necessity of defending his property against the celebrated Tiehborne Claimant has entailed upon his trustees the enormous expenditure of £120,000. His estates are in Hampshire, Lincolnshire, Dorsetshire, and Buckinghamshire, and represent between 11,000 and 12,000 INSURANCE represent between 11,000 and 12,000 praperties, bringing up the gross rent roll to £28,000 a year.

Actresses and Their Appetites.

"There are few actresses," says Samuel Stockvis in the Cook, "who do not

appreciate a good dinner or know how to select one. Adelaide Neilson was a devotee of gourmandism; ate often and late, was feted, dined, and wined on every hand, loved nothing better than CHARLESTON, SO. CA. to be invited out socially, and actually died from feeding too much. Cham-pagne was her favorite wine. Patti is a light eater-all singers are-but goes in for porter and Burgundy with a will. The fact that Mmme. Scalchi refused to sing last season and compelled a "change of bill" on the ground that she had eaten too late will not soon be forgotten by the chronicler of the capricious records of prima donnas. Lillian Russell is very fond of salads, and will not eat a dinner in which they do not occupy a prominent position. Clara Louise Kellogg's fondness for pork and beans is thought by some to be her only fault. Mrs. Langtry is very fond of Blue Points on the half-shell, and is very particular about the cooking of her viands. The special weakness of the English beauty is a fondness for brandy and soda, with a distinct underlying tendency toward beer. Selina Dolaro, like most English women of the stage, has fallen into the habit of taking her tea at 5 o'clock, whether she has an engagement or not. Marie Prescott keeps house in a flat, has a German cook, knows how to prepare a dainty meal herself, and has an able assistant in her husband. Rose Coglan doesn't like a heavy wine like sherry if she is going to play, and usually indulges in champagne instead. She is a 6 o'clock diner. feeds well, and when chicken is on the board calls for the white meat. Ellen Terry, while on the road, always has her meals served in her room, as do Mrs. Langiry and Margaret Mather. The latter young lady does not dine out much. Miss Mather always takes an iced lemonade before going on in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." Nothing that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has ever eaten has had a tendency to make her grow stouter, The great French tragedienne always takes a glass of old cognac before going on the stage, dines in the afternoon, and takes a supper after the performance. Mme. Desclee, the renowned French actress, lived for the last year of her existence, when cancer was drawing her inevitably to her grave, entireiv up on grapes and milk. Mme Judic is said to be a very good feed. and her embonpoint gives no denial of the statement. Mile. Aimee is highly appreciative of the pleasures of the table but of late years? conscious of her increasing stoutness, seeks to temper appetite with judgment. When in the city she always dines at a favorite table d'hote in Twenty-seventh street. Mme. Rhea lately has been fetedalmost enough to undermine her constitution, but keeps up bravely. Mme. Janish loves a good meal and never fails to get one when the selection of the dishes is left to herself. when she takes good care to remember the solidly good things of fader-

I should say, observes a writer in All

the Year Round, that to young girls generally-to clever young girls certainlycleverness seems to be an unmixed advantage. How delightful to a clever girl of 15 or 16, who then perhaps enters upon regular school work for the first time-how delightful it is for her to find herself at the gates of a new world of thought, to feel the thrill of proud exultation which runs through her as she gazes at it, and exclaims with pardonable enthusiasm, "I can, at least, be monarch of all I survey!" How pleasant to see the gratification with which her masters gradually discover that one eager mind is drinking in all they say, and what trouble they will take to answer and even to anticipate her difficulties! How pleasant, againalbeit somewhat dangerous-to receive the respect and admiration which her schoolfellows will lavish upon her, so long, at least, as she is sweet-tempered as well as elever-to respond to the many demands made upon her for "Just one thought, dear, to put into my essay on 'Procrastination'; I've put in all the dictionary says, but that only fills up half my paper!"-to hear the invariable, "O, lda will ten ; Su that -she knows everything!" And then at the prize giving, how stimulating is the sense, not only that she is the observed of all observers, but that she is receiving the reward of work well and earnestly done as she bears away prize after prize only tempered by the regretful wish that poor Melissa, who is so sweet, but anything rather than clever-and other kindred spirits-could have had something more to rejoice in than the suc-

cess of their friend! A romantic marriage took place at Blakely a day or two ago. Miss Mamie Haddock of Damascus was engaged to marry a popular young society man of Arlington Sunday. Last night Edward S. Shepherd, a former sweetheart of hers, paid a call to offer his congratulations He laughingly said: "Are you not sorry you didn't marry me?" She replied "Yes," when he proposed that they get married anyway. She assented. Friday morning bright and early they slip ped away and were married by the Rev. R. L. Wiggins .- Savannah (Ga.) News.

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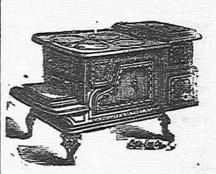
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Notice!

I desire to call to the attention of the Mill Men and Cotion Planters of Clarendon, that I have secured the agency for this County, for the DANIEL PRATT RE-VOLVING HEAD GIN. Having used this Gin for several years I can recommend it as the best Gin now in use. Any information in regard to the Gin will b fully given. I can also supply the people of Clarendon with any other machinery which they may need, at the lowest price. Parties wishing to purchase gins will find it to their interest to give their orders early. W. SCOTT HARVIN,

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